

HEAVEN. by amitysadora

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Summary:

robin and nancy. complete strangers. the classic popular girl is being crushed on by the nobody of the school. but little does miss nobody know that miss popular has a secret... a secret she wants robin to find out. and vice versa with robin to nancy.

playlist -

- feeding the fire - hayley kiyoko
- is there somewhere - halsey
- fallingforyou - the 1975
- sink in - amy shark
- heaven - troye sivan
- mine - taylor swift
- sparks fly - taylor swift

1. “she wouldn’t stop staring at you.” “ms. click?” “nancy wheeler.”

Author's Note:

this is my first ever fic so be kind in the comments if you have any advice. rancy is a crackship i had after watching stranger things 3. it may take me a while to continue this because i need to come up with multiple chapters, so be patient! thanks and i hope you enjoy it!

Nancy Wheeler. A priss. Such a priss. God she’s so annoying. How can someone even like her? How can I like her? I don’t even know if I *do* like her, there’s just something about her. She always has the same cherry lip gloss that glimmers from a mile away, a smile so wide her eyes smile alongside her, and one day she wore this peach floral dress that really... stuck out to me. I always wondered who she really was behind those heels and that lip gloss. Maybe it is a crus- no wait robin, shut up! You don’t like her, you don’t like her... you can’t like her... and you know why. I guess the real question is how can someone like me?

Who is she? I always see her doodling in her notebook and stuff, and if she isn’t doing that she’s staring longingly at me but just long enough for her to continue looking down at her doodles that she works on for almost the entire period. She has freckles like no tomorrow, tan skin like the sand, she looks so cool yet she’s so to herself and I wish I knew why. We’re in a lot of the same classes so I’ve tried to get to know her but... that hasn’t gone too well.

[flashback to when nancy introduces herself to robin three months ago]

“UM, hi! I’m Nancy, It’s um- it’s rosa right? J just wanted to say h-“

“Not interested.” *walks away*

“Like I said, didn’t go too well. I want to know her, usually people like her aren’t seen with people like me. But who says i can’t defy the status quo?”

[mumbled conversation] I mean, it’s crazy, right? Robin? Robin. Hello? EARTH TO ROBIN.

“Hmm?”

“The hell’s wrong with you, you spaced out.”

[Robin looks back in the direction she was gazing at a second earlier which gives steve a clear answer to his question.]

“Oh... that’s why. you’re still hung up on her?”

“I am not hung up on her. I just... i just think she’s a priss.”

“Yeah, more like a cute priss who you can’t stop fuckin’ drooling over.”

“Screw you, dingus.”

“I know you like her. I may not have known you forever but I’ve known you long enough to see how red your face gets- especially when she wore that, um, that-that red dress last week.”

“It wasn’t red, it was peach!”

[Steve had caught her red handed. She does like her. Ever since the summer of ‘85, he and Robin have almost been inseparable. Neither of them have changed. She still jokes around with him the way she did back in ***Scoops Ahoy!*** Sometimes they’ll sneak movies home to have movie nights. They have a plan, every Monday and Wednesday they’d sneak the worst movies they can find and spend almost the whole night discussing how bad it is. When she came out to him last year, they sort of had an unspoken vow to never lie to each other or keep secrets.] AH HA! I knew it! I knew you liked her.

“Would you keep it down? goddamn. what are you always so loud for, Harrington?”

“Because I’m right.”

[Robin shakes her head and rolls her head while chuckling at how much of a dingus he is.]

“GO TALK TO HER. At least tell her your name, start off as friends.”

“You really think that’ll work? I mean is that how you and her started?

“[stammers] Uh, well no... but who says it can’t work for you two?”

“Common sense. OH! And me.”

[Robin and Nancy both are at their lockers getting ready to head home after a long day at school. Nancy’s locker door is covering her right side so she can’t see that Robin is three lockers down. And that door also covers robin’s view of who’s behind it.]

[Nancy slams her locker door that gives robin a clear view of her the second she looks over to her left. As soon as Robin spots her, she gasps and speed-walks away.]

“Oh! Robin wait! Hey! I wanna talk to you.” She says as she tries to catch up to Robin who feels annoyed yet flustered by her actually saying her name.

“Why?”

“Well we’ve been in the same classes for about two years now and, I

think it's high time we got to know each other! Hi, I'm Nancy!"

"I already know your name Wheeler, and I guess...? What do you wanna talk about?"

"I don't know, um- [school bell rings] How about we continue this conversation outside of school? Hana's diner at 3?"

"Um, sure I guess. now I gotta go bye!"

[Robin walks away in a hurry to avoid this conversation. Did her crush just schedule a date with her? No wait shut up. It isn't a date. She didn't say that, not that word. If it was a date it'd be a completely different scenario. Dumbass why would *she* go on a date with *you* anyway? remember, it's *Nancy Wheeler* we're talking about here.]

2. “I wanted her to look at me.”

An hour goes by meaning Robin has an hour left until she meets up with Nancy at 3pm....

“Oh god, okay. What should i wear? I don’t even know what I’m doing! I need to calm down... like a *lot*.”

[Robin says as she takes a deep breath while fiddling with her fingers. She looks in the mirror trying to come up with an outfit for... whatever she’s heading towards at 3pm. Her heart is pounding out of it’s chest and she isn’t even there yet. She has a whole hour. *Should I show up early? Fashionably late? Is this a prank and I’ll be stood up? I wish i knew.*]

“I can’t stall. Maybe i’ll just put on this sweater and my lucky sneakers. Let’s hope they work for me today.”

-

Robin arrives five minutes early and she’s sitting at the booth rapidly tapping her foot to her heartbeat. She isn’t *too* early, but her anxiety is telling her she is. *You’re overthinking again. She tells herself inside her head.* As she begins to stare out the window, a reflection begins in her bright hazel eyes. The afternoon sun softly glistens and compliments her freckled tan-ish skin. Watching as cars come and go calms her, she’s always dreamed of running away. Not literally though. But to nowhere, and everywhere. But she knows it’d be too boring alone. She wants that freedom. That endless feeling like you’ll never die. She wants to find a place to just scream.

Nancy arrives. She looks... in awe. Of who? Robin. From a distance, she's always looked so innocent. And whenever you get closer to her, she's like a bomb that sets off and that you can never dim. Robin is an adventure. A mystery. Does Nancy want that? She hasn't seen anyone hardly like her. Johnathan was comforting, and Steve was fun. But she figured them out. With Robin, she has no clue what she's stepping into. Which is what Nancy has done almost all of her high school life, stepped into a world she never knew existed.

"Hey. Is this seat taken?" She says jokingly knowing it's for her.

"Obviously not." Robin motions her hand towards the booth seat in front of her.

Here Robin goes again, longingly staring at her. Robin still thinks, that from her feelings to Nancy Wheeler herself, it's all surreal. How can any of this be real? A girl like me *cannot* and *should not* be like this around someone like *her*.

"You look great. That sweater really suits you." Nancy says while grinning widely because small talk isn't really her forte. But she's basically made it her mission to get to know Robin so she's ok with stepping out of her comfort zone a little. And she thinks Robin might be just the person to do exactly that.

"Thanks. So why am i here, Wheeler? You don't need tutoring because you answer almost every question in class and get A's and B's on every test we have."

"I just wanted to get to know you better."

"Really? Why me?"

"Well...we have been in a lot of the same classes and i figured if we are going to see each other a lot, we can't just ignore each other for another semester. So, tell me about yourself. The little things such as, favorite movie, favorite food, whatever."

[Robin stares at her in annoyance and confusion because she's still lost as to why this is all happening. She then lets out a soft giggle before answering Nancy's previous question.]

"Uhm, favorite movie would probably have to be the most recent which is *The Breakfast Club*. Although i can name more bad movies than I can good ones. Okay, don't tell anyone, but a lot of the times at the cinema, me and Steve often steal movies so we can have a bad movie night!"

"Bad movie night?" Nancy lets out a soft chuckle in confusion and amusement because she's never heard of such a thing, but it sounds fun."

"Yeah. We pick the worst movies we've ever seen and then spend half the night giving reviews on it. It's so fun!" Robin begins to laugh so hard just thinking about one of the horrendous movie she and Steve had.

"That does sound like fun! I hope i can join in one day."

The waitress arrives handing them their menus. "Let me know when y'all wanna order, the name's Jacklynn."

"I guess we'll be here for a while?"

"That's all up to you Wheeler, I've been here for a while so. My mom used to take me here as a kid...But she got a promotion at her, um, job. So she couldn't take me here anymore."

Nancy notices Robin was about to continue what she was saying but not with what she actually said. She won't pry into her personal life because they technically just met.

"That's why it was so weird hearing *you* request this place. I never knew you went here."

"Oh well, I didn't. I had just heard about it. I thought I'd go out of my comfort zone a little bit."

"For me?" A slight smirk appears upon Robin's face in disbelief as well as amusement. Miss cherry-lip-gloss Nancy Wheeler? Here? With *her*? Contact the presses! It's a miracle!

"Yeah...for you." A sincere and honest smile arrives on Nancy's face, the upcoming sunset begins to reflect upon her lip gloss."

Robin looks at Nancy timidly. "Maybe you aren't *such* a priss. But if you wanna win me over, you're gonna need to do more than that."

"I'm a priss? Nancy repeats in shock but eventually she begins laughing because that's the least insulting name she's been called. And sometimes, she agrees with it.

Robin joins Nancy in on the hysterical laughter at what she just called her. "Well, I mean. I don't mean to be rude, but you're very...you. From your floral dresses to your pearl earrings."

"You're not being rude, don't worry. And a lot of the time, i actually, myself, think that I *am* a priss. I wish I could dress like you. You don't care what people think. I so wish I had your confidence. The only reason why I'm a priss is because-

"High school." They say in unison before they break into laughter.

"Ok. You may *be* a priss, but you're the best priss I know."

"Awh! Should we order?"

"Yes. I'm *starving*! Oh! you should totally try their pickle and chicken sandwich, it's the *bomb*!"

Robin and Nancy spend about four or five hours talking about everything and nothing. Who would've thought they'd connect? Honestly, neither of them did. And yet here we are.

- Four and a half hours later -

"So. I guess we should head home. I can drive you and-"

"Drive? With what car?"

"My car! Wha-what happened to it?!"

"Are you Miss, Wheeler?"

"Yes!"

"Ma'am, your car has been towed due to parking in a commercial vehicle spot. Here's your fine."

Nancy groans in protest. The car she spent half a summer of sophomore year trying to earn. Gone. How did a day so perfect end so terribly?!

"Uhm, if you don't want me to i won't but, I have a bike? Do you want me to ride you home?"

"I have no choice."

Nancy hops along behind Robin in her bike.

"No helmet?"

"I usually don't give trips on this thing."

Nancy then puts her hands around Robin's waist so she can hold on during the ride. Robin doesn't know why she didn't expect this, but it sends almost a shiver down her spine. She's so gentle. She doesn't want her to let go. And neither does Nancy.

Robin bites her tongue in order to hide her blush. Halfway through the ride, she keeps looking down at Nancy's hands to see if she's still holding on. To make sure she doesn't fall as she says, but to really make sure she doesn't let go. She doesn't wanna let go of Nancy, and she doesn't want Nancy to let go of her.

Nancy never does.

"Thanks for... biking me home. My parents are going to kill me."

"Eh, it's no problem. I had fun today. Surprisingly."

Nancy squints her eyes as a soft giggle blurts out of her as does a faint snort.

"Did you just... snort!" Robin says amused. She begins to laugh hysterically as if it's the funniest sound she's ever heard, and she's friends with Steve Harrington.

"No! Y-you didn't hear that"

"Oh, I think I *did*."

Nancy slides herself closer to Robin mockingly. "Wanna hang out again?" She says with a wide and optimistic grin.

"How can I say no to a face like *that*, jeez."

Nancy looks down kicking her feet on the sidewalk to try and hide her faint blushing, but it isn't working.

Robin and Nancy stare at each other for almost a minute and a half. Robin takes a hard swallow while analyzing Nancy's face. No. This can't happen. People might be watching. And she doesn't like girls. Fuck no. Nancy began to look down at Robin's plump lips, and almost stepped a couple feet forward before her mom calls out for her to come inside.

"You should probably go." Robin whispers. Nancy nods.

Robin watches Nancy head on home towards her mother. She takes in a deep breath to grasp what just happened... or almost happened.

She then bikes her way home ranting to herself, both in her head, and at certain words, out-loud.

Did I just almost kiss Nancy Wheeler? I never got that close to her.. Should I of done it? Did she want me to do it? What was going to even happen? Was it even a kiss? Robin sighs and once she heads home she sighs in frustration into her pillow.

"I wanted her to kiss me." She mumbles to herself on-top her pillow.

-

A week later.

"You what?!"

"I hung out with her."

"No. You didn't "hang out" with her. Us right now? This is us hanging out. You and her? Went on a *date*."

"Shut up! I just want to regret every life decision I made up until this point in peace!"

"You seem to forget I'm your best friend and I will *never* leave you alone."

Robin groans loudly as she rotates her body so her face could stare endlessly at the beige ceiling in her bedroom.

"It was... good. It felt good. I want to go back to that good...but."

"But?"

"What if it was fake..or... what if she doesn't..."

[Robin looks down at his converse sneakers because he knows exactly what Robin means. He cares so much for her. He felt so bad for taking Tammy Thompson away from her so deep down he vowed to be her wingman for every girl she likes. Robin may not know he made this said vow, but she *does* know that he's been there for her since she came out to him. And she'll forever be grateful that he *is* there for her.]

Steve reaches for Robin's left hand and tries to yank her up out of bed. "Hey. Get up. Cmon. There ya go. Listen, no one ever gets the girl right away. It takes time. Let it."

"Take time my *ass*. You're *Steve Harrington*. I bet every girl was all over your ass."

"Well I won't deny that." He says as he laughs confidently yet cocky. "But I also won't deny that we're teenagers, and we're human. Be patient. But also don't lose hope and go crying into your pillow every night. Which might I add, is *very* soaked."

Robin chuckles as she glances over the sight of her damp pillow that she smothered in her tears. She's so lucky to have Steve. She still can't believe how quickly he got over his crush on her and became her best friend. Before they worked together at ***Scoops Ahoy!*** all she could remember was *hating* Steve... for many reasons. But now she couldn't be happier and any more thankful that she has him to confide in, and wouldn't want anyone else.

"Oh... and there was one more thing I didn't tell you about last night.."

Steve shrugs as an answer on letting her tell him.

"I think we almost... kissed?" Robin says with a nervous tone because she's telling her best friend she almost kissed his ex girlfriend who he was in love with. How could she *not* be nervous?

"Holy shit."

“That response brought back memories.”

”You almost *kissed* her?

”Yeah...”

”WHY DIDN’T YOU KISS HER?!”

”I was nervous, dingus! I’ve never done that. How am I supposed to do it? Is it different with a girl than it is with a guy? I wasn’t ready.”

”But despite all of that?”

”...I wanted her to kiss me. And now, I feel like I blew it...”

- Two weeks after the date -

“Robin! Robin, hey!”

”Wheeler, hi! What’s up?”

”Uhm, not much. Wanna hang out? It’s been a while I think and we had a lot of fun last time so...”

"I-" Robin glances at Steve who motions his hands in a nudging way meaning she should go for it. "Yeah alright. Where at?"

"How about my place? At 5?"

"Y-your place?"

"Yeah! Is that a problem?"

"No! N-no not a problem at all! I love your house! I-I mean I've never been there but I bet it's lovely. I'd love to go."

"Great! See you then!"

As Nancy heads off into the crowd of students before the final bell rings, Robin begins breathing heavily, almost like a state of shock.

What the FUCK?! I'm heading onto Nancy Wheeler's HOUSE? Now I KNOW I'm dreaming! Her head screams.

3. but if you didn't ever touch me that way just know i wouldn't be the same

It's 5:30 in the afternoon. All of a sudden he only sound through the Wheeler's empty house is Nancy jiggling her keys and unlocking her front door.

"And here we are! Mom! I'm home! Hm, she must be out at the pool, *again*."

"Why would she be at the pool?"

"Because she claims the 6pm sunset gives her an afternoon glow."

The two girls chuckle together in Ms. Wheeler's ridiculous obsession with tanning.

"Uh, hey, you have a brother right? Does he have, like, you know, comics?"

"Um, yes. Why?"

"I wanna see if he has the new spider-man feature. Issue #48."

"Seeing at how many he has, I wouldn't be shocked if he had an issue

from the future. They're all in his room, second door to the left." Nancy states as she points towards the stairs that lead up to the family's bedrooms.

"Thanks!" Robin says as she speeds up the stairwell. While running upstairs she knocks over her backpack spilling out almost everything that was in it.

Nancy turns her head in the direction of the backpack and notices at how Robin must've not noticed due to how excited she was to get his comic. Nancy then walks over to it and bends down to help Robin put her stuff back.

While randomly shoving everything back into her backpack, she spots a crumbled up piece of paper with her and Robin's first and last names combined.

Robin Wheeler / Nancy Buckley

"What is this?" Nancy questions with a confused expression upon her face.

I haven't seen people do this since middle school...Does Robin- no. No way. She doesn't like me. It must've been a joke or something. Besides, she's with Steve. Nancy questions inside her head after reading the slip.

Nancy begins to hear footsteps creeping down the stairs she quickly

shoves the crumbled slip back into her bookbag as well as everything else that fell out and runs back to the couch to pretend like nothing happened.

"Guess what I have!" Robin sings as she steps off the last stair of the stairwell.

"You found it?"

"Yeah! Wanna read it with me?"

"I- um. I'm not really a comics girl so.."

"Please...for me?" Robin begins to pout her lips and bat her eyes. You know, classic puppy dog eyes.

"Ugh. I hate you."

"Yeah yeah."

Robin does a small hop while walking to the couch and plopping into the spot next to Nancy so she can read the *Spider-Man* comic to her.

"Ok. Before I show you this issue, let me introduce you to Peter Parker. When he was around five or six, his parents joined the CIA

and went on a plane trip.. and never came back... and that's where it all began. After his parents passed he lived with his Aunt May and Uncle Ben..." Robin's voice begin to mumble and fade and ultimately become inaudible as Nancy starts to glare at her in wonder.

Robin likes me....I can't believe she likes me. How would any of this even work? We're so different, I'm not even sure if she considers me a friend. I mean, she is a great girl, she's funny, and smart, and really pretty. God... why does SHE like ME?

"Nancy, honey, you're barely eating. What's bothering you?" Karen asks her daughter, Nancy who's been playing with her food all night.

She hasn't really been focusing on anything rather than on whether Robin likes her or not.

"Huh? Oh, nothing." Nancy pauses mid sentence so she can prepare herself for asking her mom this question that she's only asked herself all day. "It's just...have you ever had a friend like you... as more than a friend?"

"Once. Back in high school. Why?"

"Well. One of my friends- um-" Nancy then pauses mid sentence to come up with a lie. Because how would her mom react to Nancy saying a friend of hers, who's a GIRL, could quite possibly like her...

she can't. "Austin! Yeah, that's his name, I think he likes me? But I'm not entirely sure. What should I do?"

"Well, back when I was a freshman, me and an old friend of mine decided to see what we'd be like in a relationship after I found out he had liked me. We went out for a while, and it was good..."

"But?" Nancy questions with a worried look on her face because she obviously knows she doesn't talk to him anymore...

"But we decided we were growing apart as both friends and as people. We were different, so we split. After that we started living our lives, and here we are today."

"Did you two ever speak to each other again?" Nancy asks.

"Well not really, no. I mean, we don't hate each other. It was a mutual split, really."

Nancy nods and then stares back at her food lost in thought again. Am I really going to lose Robin? *Oh my god, what if I lose Robin? I can't lose her. I've lost too many people in my life. She's... she's one of my best friends.*

Now Johnathan may be her best friend. But she wants a friend who doesn't have shared trauma. She wants a fresh start. No...not a fresh start. Just that normal, refreshing feeling of a normal teenage life. Going to school, sneaking out to parties, hanging out with friends,

classic teenager stuff. With Robin... she feels like a normal teenager. Losing her, means losing the one chance she has at a somewhat normal life.

I can't lose her. I won't.

—

A week later.

"Nance. *Nance*. NANCY!"

"What?"

"You zoned out. Again."

"Er, sorry".

"What do you keep thinking about?"

"Oh nothing just... a trig quiz, that I had this morning. Not too entirely sure I passed it."

Which wasn't the truth. All she thinks about is the note...that damned note.

Robin Wheeler

+

Nancy Buckley

It's not like she's wondering what it means because even though she hasn't seen people do stuff like this since middle school.... but she's wondering if Robin *meant* it.

Why did she say that? Does she really like me? Why me? I thought she hated me.

"That's not true. You may be a priss, but you're the smartest priss I know."

Nancy chuckles softly and unknowingly...blushes? Well, that was fast.

"Oh. Steve's calling, mind if i..."

"Oh no. Go right ahead."

Robin walks away into the corner of the diner so she can answer Steve's phone call. "Hey dingus."

"Hey. I have your backpack where are you?"

"I'm at Hal's will you relax?"

"Hal's?" Steve repeats. "With Nancy?"

"Yeah...is there a problem?"

"No of course not. Hey uh, how's that going on between you two?"

"Nothing's going on." Robin says annoyed "Can we drop the subject? Is everything back in my backpack?"

"Um.." Steve whispers nervously.

"Steve..." Robin says with a suspicious tone.

"It's just that small little slip you had of yours and Nancy's names together or whatever."

"WHAT?" Robin looks around worried on whether people in the diner heard her shout, especially if Nancy has heard her. Luckily no one did. "My note is gone? What did you do with it dingus!"

"I didn't do *anything*! It wasn't there when I first had it and it still isn't here when I returned it. It's just...gone. Sorry, dude."

Robin ultimately hangs up, holds the phone to her chest, and takes a deep breath. She stands in the corner frozen in fear. Fear that someone took it. To some people, this may seem as a silly note. But to Robin? This is the one secret that only Steve knows. No way would this of "fallen out"... someone stole it.

Every thought running through Robin's head just gets worse and worse. She realizes that can't stand in the corner any longer, so she heads back to her booth seat across from Nancy. She has a scared expression on her face because her worst fear has come to life.

"Hey, are you okay? You look really worried."

"Y-yeah. Everything's fine. It's just I think I lost something."

Nancy grows a faint nervous expression upon her face because she knows exactly what Robin's talking about, but she can't tell her. She can't tell her that she took something of Robin's, especially something that apparently, upon her facial expression, is very important her.

Seeing Robin's face, all of her questions have been answered...

The two sit in silence looking worried because everything they feared

and knew...came true.

—

Two days later .

Robin and Nancy haven't...hung out much since Sunday. They've been feeling different around each other.

"Ugh, Tammy where are you?" Nancy says impatiently whilst swinging her dangling feet in the air

As the audience's applause for the second to last act of "*Customer Concert Night*" the show's host arrives on stage to introduce the final act.

"Seems like you all really enjoyed that last performance huh! Well, the moment you've been waiting for has finally arrived. Up next, Jackie Holkins!"

While the audience's applause grows louder and louder, Nancy seems confused yet a bit amused at that name. "Holkins?" Nancy repeats. "What kind of name is-"

Once Nancy swivels her barstool and turns completely around, she spots a shockingly familiar face on stage.

”Robin?!” she shouts.

4. Take It Back

Yes. That Robin. The same Robin who she hung out with majority of the month. The same Robin who she's spent her entire middle of senior year trying to get to know. The same Robin who she almost... *yeah. That Robin.*

"Thank you, thank you everyone. Jeez small crowd tonight? That's a shame. I'm just kidding. No, in all seriousness, I do have a new song for y'all. No it isn't about anyone specific, before y'all start. Just please enjoy it."

Nancy looks astonished. It's really her. It's really Robin. Then again, she's only known her for a *month*. You can't tell someone you've known for that little of time everything about you. She stares at her onstage in disbelief, but positively. She can't believe that she can sing. She ultimately begins to wonder what her voice would sound like. Shockingly enough, her voice is tender but not timid. The kind of voice that you'd fall asleep to. The kind that you'd want someone serenading you with... *Wait what?*

*"I've been watching you, for some time. Can't stop staring, at those oceans eyes. Burning cities, and napalm skies.
Fifteen flares inside those ocean eyes
Your ocean eyes. No fair. You really know how to make me cry,
when you gimme those ocean eyes. I'm scared. I've never fallen from quite
this high, falling into your ocean eyes. Those ocean eyes..."*

As Robin continues to sing, she somewhat pauses in shock between a verse. She sees her. Nancy. *What is she doing here? ...Why is she looking at me like that? S-should I keep singing?*

Robin looks about flustered. Her crush is in her secret safe spot and isn't making fun of her... and rather, supporting her. Despite it being new, this is the feeling Robin's wanted for a while. It's the whole reason why she always comes here. So... she continues to sing.

As she continues her song, she never lets go of Nancy's eyes. Their interlocked with hers. It almost feels as though... she's serenading her. And yes, this song is about Nancy Wheeler. Are we

surprised?

Once the song finishes, still, Robin and Nancy never stop staring directly at each other. Nancy doesn't know it, but has the feeling that there was something special about that song that introduced them to that moment. A moment they'll never forget. The audience's applause was the only thing that broke them out of that trance like state and influenced Robin to rush off stage.

"What are you doing here?" Robin questions whilst running to Nancy who's sitting at the bar.

"Me? What are you doing here? *Jackie Holkins*? Who is that?"

"U-uhm. S-she's a... a fake alias?"

"A fake alias?" Nancy repeats

“A fake alias yeah.

”Why? Why would you need a fake name?”

”Because... I didn’t want this exact conversation to happen, I guess?”

”Why?”

“Because it’s my safe haven. I feel welcomed, appreciated... loved.”

Robin then sits on the barstool aside Nancy’s and grips onto the seat tightly. She looks hurt, worried. Worried at Nancy’s reaction to the real reason why she calls this bar her “*safe haven*.”

“Rob, what’s going on?”

"Remember that cafe we went to, when we first hung out?" Nancy nods in response. "...Well, *she* is part of the reason why i'm here. A huge part, actually. She - we - used to sing together all the time. It was the one good moment I would always have with her. It kept me in check, at peace. When she... died, I steered away from music as far as I could. I was reduced to living with my shit father. Who as far as I'm concerned, doesn't even exist. Only Steve knows how he is and about all of this, so."

"Robin, I- I'm so--"

"No. Don't apologize." It's clear that Robin is trying to change the subject and is holding back tears, having Steve be the only one who knows the details of her life, it's something that she isn't too open about.

"Robin." Nancy then gently grips Robin's hand in a sense of comfort. Robin looks at her in shock. *Did she just do that? Oh god, what do I do? Don't freak out.* Robin then glares down at their hands touching and Nancy gently rubbing her thumb against her fore finger. Robin can't stop staring at it, she wants to believe all of this is some nightmare... or a dream. Still unsure on which this would end up being if it was all fake. Before Robin continues her story, she takes a big swallow that stings the back of her spine that gives her chills.

"So... coming here... that feeling I lost when I lost her. I get back. Or at least some of it, in some other way I guess. Hearing the crowd cheer, whether it'd be for me or Jackie Holkins," The two laugh in unison over the ridiculous fake alias Robin used. "I feel loved. I feel the love that my mom made me feel."

"Hey, um, sorry things have been awkward between us. It's just uhm--"

"No. I get it. I had some things too. So we good?" Robin questions as she holds out her hand and clenches it into a fist whilst waiting for a fist bump.

"We're good." Nancy responds while returning the fist bump.

Nancy and Robin then just sit next to each other in silence but also comfort knowing that they can hang out again. Robin is still questioning who took that slip from her backpack, but for right now? Her main goal: Get Nancy back. And she did exactly that. And vice versa for Nancy to Robin.

“So, did you ever figure out who stole that piece of paper?”

”No.”

”I’m telling you, it might’ve been Nancy.”

”Shut up, it is not! And even if it is her, why would she do that anyway?”

“I don’t know, you tell me.”

“Robin rolls her eyes in annoyance. The fact that Steve is continuously accusing Nancy of doing that bothers her. There is a part of her, deep down, that suspects her just as well but she’s doing all she can to assume she and Steve are wrong. Also, Steve is a dingus. What does he know?

"You should at least ask her about it."

"Oh yeah. And what am I gonna say? *Hey, Nancy! Have you seen the piece of paper that I scribbled my and your names on to see what they'd be if we were married could possibly be? And did you steal it? Because my best friend and your ex-boyfriend is accusing you of so.*"

"Well not like that. Look, whenever you get the chance, just be vague about it. Ask her something like, *did you ever go through my backpack? Because something is missing.* And lie about whatever's missing like a hairbrush or something."

"Maybe."

5. The Bitter Truth

Summary for the Chapter:

Robin faces the unwanted truth. While Nancy endures the unwanted loss. How will this go down?

Notes for the Chapter:

so so sorry for being late on this! I know it's been ages since I've updated! I've just been super busy (and deep down forgot about it 🙄) but I'm back :)

Robin looks ultimately lost in thought and somewhat befuddled about *that* ... there's no way. Nancy would *never* . Right?

“Robin? Robin!”

“Hm?”

“You okay?”

Robin looks at Nancy startled and speechless. With all that's going through her head, she can't look at her the same

“Uh yeah. I-I just need to get some napkins, is all.”

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As Nancy hangs her coat on the coat hanger, a not-so-random crumbled of piece of paper falls out of her pocket. Robin turns her head as it hits the ground, glares at it, then... it hits her. It's the paper. The paper. The same one that she “lost” almost a month back.

Robin quietly but immediately walks towards the paper, picks it up, and before she opens it up to see if it really is what she thinks it is, she thinks of Steve. She thinks of how much he accused her of stealing the paper and how she always said he was wrong and would never do that...

God, please don't let that dingus be right .

As she slowly opens it, she spots the hearts. They look fairly similar to the ones she drew, as she opens it further... there it is.

Nancy Buckley

+

Robin Wheeler

Her worst nightmares have come true. Nancy stole the paper. Nancy has the paper. Steve was right.

Oh my god... oh my GOD! What did she do with it? Why does she have it? Do other people know about it?! Why hasn't she told me? ! Robin has numerous questions racing around her head. This is too much to process. She wants to contact Steve but — at the same time — she doesn't wanna hear that dingus say, “*I told you so .*”

“Hey, I'm back. Are you ok?”

Robin continues to stare at the paper whilst having numerous facial expression cross her face all at once. Anger, hurt, confusion, all of it.

“Robin?”

Robin decides enough is enough. Don't listen to your heart, listen to your brain for fucking *once*. And she did exactly that.

“What is this? *Why* do you have this?!” Robin exclaims at Nancy in a hurt tone.

Nancy looks a tad bit befuddled to try and act like she has no clue what she's talking about, but... she knows *exactly* what she's talking about.

“Um, a piece of paper?”

“Yeah, a piece of paper — *my* piece of paper! Why do you have it?

“Oh! I found it. I saw my name and wondered what it was so —“

“— Did you read it?!” Robin interrupts.

“No! I — I just saw my name, shoved it into my pocket, and forgot about it! I’m *sorry* !” Nancy cries. She pleads for an apology from Robin. She wishes she never found that paper in the first goddamn place.

Robin is at a loss for words. So, before she makes things even worse — and hears more of what she doesn’t want to — she storms out of Nancy’s place. Slamming the door so loud the neighbors of two doors down could hear it.

What did I do? What did I DO?! Nancy questions. The one chance she had to finally get closer to the Robin Buckley, and this is how she screws it up. She wishes she could go back in time and fix it all. But she can’t. She has to live in the present, and face her fears.

She knows what she has to do. But she can’t do it alone.